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+

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Cover photo by Tammy Sands

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THE WAR RACKET

The Neocon radicals who hijacked our nation almost 15 years ago are still driving our bloodthirsty foreign policy, fueling conflicts in Iraq, Afghanistan, Syria and Libya. Surrounded by hawks of both parties in Washington, President Obama wants another AUMF (Authority to Use Military Force) from Congress to expand military operations in the Middle East.

But there is something our political leaders and the mainstream media are not telling us: We, along with our main allies in the Middle East, Saudi Arabia and Israel, actively funded and equipped the Syrian rebels who morphed into ISIS—just like the bin Laden radicals we nurtured in Afghanistan in the '80s morphed into al-Qaeda. We keep creating these Frankenstein monsters, at enormous costs—then they rage out of control, turning against us, and our leaders demand yet more resources to contain the behemoths.

A cynic would say that the ongoing chaos is not a failure of the Neocon "Clean Break" strategy, but the objective. Endless strife suits Israel to keep its many enemies divided and fighting each other, and it suits our bloated military-industrial complex to keep its profits rolling. But it's American blood and money being drained to support this permanent, self-perpetuating crusade in the Middle East.

So far it has cost us $1.6 trillion—resources that could have been spent repairing our crumbling infrastructure, educating our youth or funding renewable energy. But the human cost of the War on Terror is rarely mentioned: 6,700 dead American soldiers. Add to this the tally of civilian "collateral damage": 153,000 in Iraq; 20,000 in Afghanistan; 50,000 in Syria; 20,000 in Pakistan; 72 in Libya; dozens in Yemen (mainly from drone strikes). And we wonder why we're hated?

A cost-benefit of all these foreign interventions—which a majority of Americans now oppose—would show they are a losing proposition for most of us, in terms of lives lost, national revenue squandered and the evisceration of our noble Constitutional ideals.

America has become the world's leading exporter of lethal violence. It's time to end this sick racket.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

SO HOW DID IT GO AT SCHOOL TODAY, BIG GUY?
OH, THE USUAL STUFF. ONE STABBING, A COUPLE OF SHOOTINGS, A TEACHER ARRESTED FOR PERFORMING ORAL SEX ON ONE OF HER STUDENTS.
WINNERS

WHY ISN'T HE IN THE SLAMMER?

AN EX-CIA BOSS SHARES A BED AND CLASSIFIED INFO WITH A JOURNALIST, BUT GETS OFF EASY.

No one is ever prosecuted for revealing secrets that make the government look good. The book is only thrown at whistleblowers, like Edward Snowden, who expose government officials for betraying the public trust. Unless sex is involved! Then, as former CIA Director David Petraeus learned, puritanism trumps even the claims of patriotism, and passing highly classified material to your mistress biographer can become slightly awkward.

But it wasn't awkward enough to land the retired four-star general in jail for even a day despite the array of secrets he revealed to Paula Broadwell, whose planned bio strove to lionize the military achievements of her bedmate. On the other hand, Army private Bradley (now Chelsea) Manning was handed a 35-year sentence for leaking a trove of classified documents, including clear-cut evidence that U.S. forces in Iraq killed innocent civilians and journalists just for fun.

Manning's mother lode was classified at the level of "secret" as opposed to the "sensitive compartmented information" and "top secret" designations of the material Petraeus casually shared with Broadwell. In addition, the good general admitted to lying to the FBI in covering up his violations of the law, but that charge wasn't even included in Petraeus's slap-on-the-wrist plea bargain with the Obama Justice Department: two years probation on one misdemeanor charge!

Compare that cop-out deal to the 30-month sentence handed to John Kiriakou, a former CIA officer who incurred the agency's wrath by opposing its torture program. He was punished with prosecution for allegedly passing the names of two CIA agents to a reporter whose publication never outed them. While heading the CIA, Petraeus had the gumption to praise Kiriakou's felony conviction just a matter of hours before he himself lied to the FBI about turning over to Broadwell the names of CIA agents along with far more sensitive national-security information.

According to the Petraeus plea deal, the eight handwritten notebooks he loaned to his mistress contained "classified information regarding the identities of covert officers, war strategy, intelligence capabilities and mechanisms, diplomatic discussions, quotes and deliberative discussions from high-level National Security Council meetings, and defendant David Howell Petraeus's discussions with the President of the United States of America."

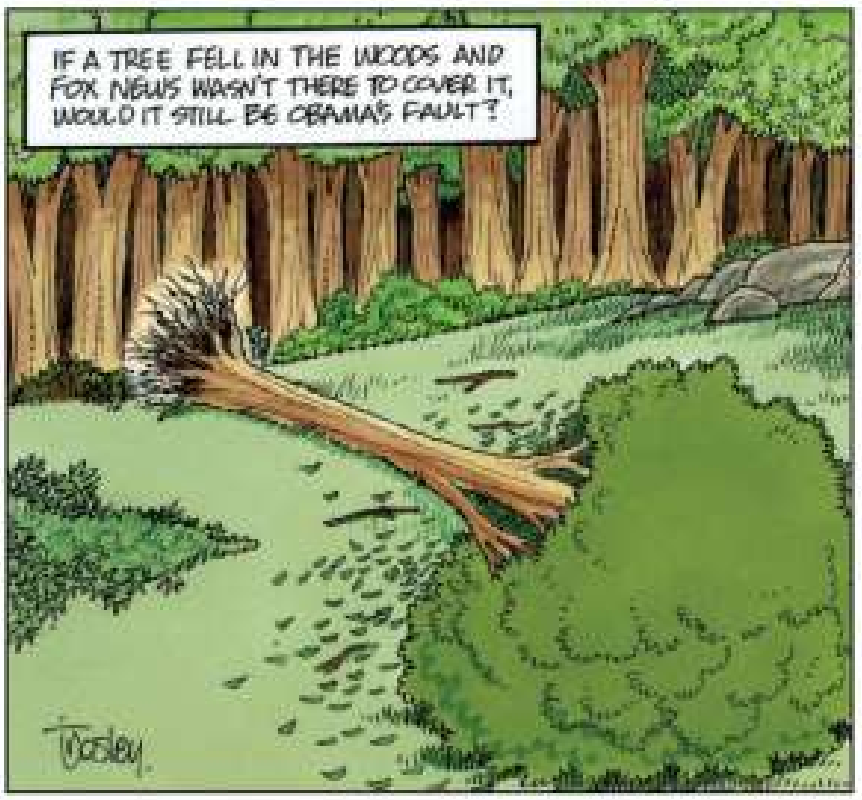
It doesn't get any more top secret than that, but Petraeus only got chided because of his sexual improprieties. Fact is, there's a long list of high-ranking government officials who treated top-secret material as scrap paper in unsecured locations in their homes without paying much of a punitive price. These culprits are led by former U.S. Attorney General Alberto Gonzales, Sandy Berger (Bill Clinton's National Security Advisor) and former CIA Director John M. Deutch.

Leon Panetta, whom Petraeus replaced as head of the CIA, reportedly approved the agency's cooperation with the creators of *Zero Dark Thirty*, a film that embellished the role of torture in tracking down Osama bin Laden. The screenwriter even attended a briefing at which Panetta named the ground commander of the Navy SEALs raid that killed the al-Qaeda leader. Then came the devastating report compiled by the Senate Intelligence Committee, which concluded that the CIA's enhanced-interrogation techniques weren't an effective means of acquiring information or gaining cooperation from detainees.

Courageous whistleblowers who tell the public what it has a right to know are routinely accused of imperiling national security. Meanwhile, top government apologists who selectively leak highly classified material to cloak their often-illegal actions are granted the hypocritical, kid-glove treatment.

Petraeus, who ultimately stepped down as CIA director, had more than sex on his mind when he turned over those eight notebooks to his mistress. The obvious goal was far more pedestrian: to embellish his biographer's accounts of his military and administrative exploits. With that in mind, David Petraeus was willing to cavalierly run roughshod over the national-security standards he had helped impose on those of far lesser rank. H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a Los Angeles Times columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. *His latest book is They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"Spiraling down into the black hole of power, corruption and greed is much more manageable now that I'm on the right meds!"

INDEFENSIBLE WASTE OF MONEY

PENTAGON MISMANAGEMENT, PROFITEERING CONTRACTORS AND THEIR CONGRESSIONAL PALS ARE WEAKENING AMERICA.

In his January 17, 1961, farewell address, President Dwight D. Eisenhower warned that "in the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex" and "the disastrous rise of misplaced power." Most American leaders have ignored his warning and have allowed the military-industrial juggernaut to influence crucial decisions in defense spending and foreign policy.

As a result, the United States spends $1 trillion annually on its military- and defense-related programs. This is equal to all other countries combined! It is five times as much as the world's second-largest military spender, China. Military/defense spending constitutes 55% of our discretionary federal budget for 2015, while education spending is 6% and spending on scientific research is 3%. It costs taxpayers $250 billion annually to maintain 1,000 U.S military bases in 150 countries (out of the 195 countries on the planet). Additionally, the U.S. is the world's number-one exporter of weapons.

The "military-industrial-congressional complex," as it was called in a draft of Eisenhower's speech, consists of the Pentagon, major defense contractors and powerful members of Congress funded by them. Between 2007 and 2012, according to the Project on Government Oversight (POGO.org), the top-five defense contractors (Lockheed Martin, Boeing, Raytheon, General Dynamics and Northrop Grumman) spent $409.2 million on lobbying and campaign contributions to politicians. In return the corporations received "$629.8 billion in contracts and $480 million in other federal support." This equals "$1,540 from the government for every dollar they spent influencing the government." In addition, through a revolving door of sorts, many former high-ranking government officials and retired military brass become highly paid executives, board members or lobbyists for defense contractors.

This legalized corruption has produced an unchecked cash cow that has squandered taxpayers' hard-earned dollars on many unneeded, overly expensive and inefficient materiel. Three glaring examples are the Navy's version of the $337-million F-35 Joint Strike Fighter, which researchers for the RAND think tank say "can't turn, can't climb, can't run," a $7,600 coffeemaker for the Air Force and a $640 toilet seat for the Navy.

In November 2013, Reuters chronicled the Pentagon's "epic waste." According to former employees of its main accounting agency—the Defense Finance and Accounting Service—"fudging the accounts with false entries is standard operating procedure." These so-called plugs, as Reuters noted, are "symptomatic of one very large problem: the Pentagon's chronic failure to keep track of its money—how much it has, how much it pays out and how much is wasted or stolen."

Relying on obsolete and primarily incompatible accounting and business-management systems has produced disastrous results in two critical areas: First, paycheck errors burden military personnel with financial hardship, sap morale and divert focus from their duties.

Second, the Pentagon's mismanagement of its finances, human resources, logistics, property and weapons acquisitions not only makes it more difficult to deploy troops, but also wastes billions of dollars on stockpiling spare parts that it already has. Navy Vice Admiral Mark Harnitchek—director of the Pentagon's Defense Logistics Agency—once conceded, "We have about $14 billion of inventory for lots of reasons, and probably half of that is excess to what we need."

To stop the military-industrial-congressional complex from bankrupting America, we must end its "unwarranted influence," as Eisenhower warned. We must also end the buying of our politicians by powerhouse corporations! In addition, optimum troop strength must be precisely calculated, and the Pentagon's procurement practices must be tightened. By beating some of our unnecessary swords into plowshares—another Eisenhower notion—the United States of America will have both an adequate, cost-effective defense and civilian economic vitality.

Peter Mathews, a professor of political science at Cypress College in Southern California and *Long Beach Register* columnist, has served as an analyst and commentator on numerous radio and television shows. His book *Dollar Democracy: With Liberty and Justice for Some; How to Reclaim the American Dream for All* can be purchased at the author's website, **drPeterMathews.com**.

UNCLE JIM, IN HISTORY CLASS WE'RE STUDYING THE BUILDUP TO THE WAR IN IRAQ – YOU KNOW, WITH ALL THE BLATANT LIES AND SENSELESS DEATHS... SO HOW COME GEORGE W. BUSH AND DICK CHENEY AREN'T IN PRISON?!
WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD, KID.

"The media should have asked me if you embellish stories, Mr. 'I Have a Ten-Inch Dick.'"

JAMES INHOFE

We ridicule Iran as a country dominated by backward-minded religious zealots, clinging to the ancient Quran as the supreme authority for governing life in the modern world. But those who live in glass greenhouses shouldn't cast stones: America has its own tribe of embarrassing Bible-belt baboons making idiotic statements and self-destructive policies. Chief among them, Senator Jim Inhofe from Oklahoma, a kingpin in The Family, the congressional clique of fundamentalist yahoos who sponsor the National Prayer Breakfast, along with efforts to outlaw abortion, turn back gay rights and teach our children that John the Baptist could have ridden a tame brontosaurus.

Pontificating from his throne on the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee, Ayatollah Inhofe dismisses the judgment of 97% of the world's climate scientists—that human-produced greenhouse gases are a principal driver of climate change—because God did not give man the power to alter the climate. In a radio interview with the Voice of Christian Youth America, Inhofe cited Genesis 8:22—"As long as the Earth remains, there will be seed time and harvest, cold and heat, winter and summer, day and night"—as an article of faith that we all have nothing to worry about. Just keep praying and the great Cloud Being will take care of all our follies.

Memo to Jimbo: When the Bible was written, the Roman Empire did not possess thousands of multi-megaton nuclear weapons capable of causing "nuclear winter" and destroying all life on Earth. That manmade holocaust would certainly end "the seed time and harvest" for a very long time. So, yes, Senator, it is not "arrogant" to realize that human beings are now capable of wrecking the environment that has sustained human civilization. When Jesus was washing his disciples' feet, there were about 300 million people on Earth. Now there are 7 billion of us, industrializing rapidly, spewing an additional 36 gigatonnes of CO2 into the climate every year. That's an increase of 61% over global emissions in 1990.

Back in February, Inhofe brought a snowball into the Capitol building and stupidly hurled it as some kind of inane "proof" that global warming is a farce, while it was actually raining instead of snowing in most of Alaska this past winter.

The man's ignorance is exceeded only by his hypocrisy and double standards. When tornados devastated Oklahoma in 2013, Inhofe was happy to receive Obama's federal disaster aid. Yet he had previously voted against the relief bill for Hurricane Sandy, brazenly spinning that it was laded with pork for the Virgin Islands and Washington, D.C. Hurricane Sandy didn't only wallop New York and New Jersey—it left a swath of destruction from the Caribbean to the Great Lakes, affecting 24 American states. Funds in the relief bill were not "pork," but for repairs across the whole map of storm damage.

As a private pilot, Inhofe landed on a runway that was closed for repairs in 2011, "sky-hopping" over construction workers on the tarmac, prompting the airport manager to complain, "I've got over 50 years flying, three tours of Vietnam, and I can assure you, I have never seen such a reckless disregard for human life in my life." The Senator got off with "remedial training" instead of a suspension of his license—the usual punishment for a lesser mortal. Still, this wrist slap incensed him sufficiently to introduce the Pilot's Bill of Rights, making it harder for the FAA to sanction reckless barnstormers like himself.

When family members of the Sandy Hook shooting victims convened in Washington to support a bill for more thorough background checks for gun buyers and to impede interstate gun trafficking, Inhofe insulted them: They think "this has something to do with them when, in fact, it doesn't," he said, vowing to filibuster the bill. We guess it would take one of his own darlings being murdered by an AR-15-wielding psycho for Inhofe to experience the sense that, yes, gun violence does have something to do with the survivors.

But Inhofe's forte is sabotaging any legislation or treaty designed to promote a healthier environment. He has persistently blocked American ratification of the International Convention on the Law of the Sea, signed by 166 countries. The Convention would define rights and limits on the international exploitation of marine resources, now in serious decline due to unregulated overfishing and pollution. The stubborn doofus claims it would somehow violate "American sovereignty," even though the Pentagon and the American Petroleum Institute, hardly wild-eyed greenie organizations, support the Convention.

In 2012 he sponsored a resolution to strip the EPA's enforcement of the Mercury and Air Toxics Standard rule, requiring deep reductions in mercury, lead, arsenic and other toxins emitted by coal-fired power plants. Never mind that the EPA estimates the rule would save 11,000 lives while reaping $80 billion in economic benefits. More important for this jackass are the $688,000 in campaign contributions he has netted from electric utility and mining companies.

While cities and states across the country are taking action to reduce carbon emissions, Inhofe has vowed to use every tactic in his arsenal to gut the EPA's Clean Power Plan. Inhofe should listen to this guy: "Among the future trends that will impact our national security is climate change. Rising global temperatures, changing precipitation patterns, climbing sea levels and more extreme weather events will intensify the challenges of global instability, hunger, poverty and conflict. They will likely lead to food and water shortages, pandemic disease, disputes over refugees and resources, and destruction by natural disasters in regions across the globe." That's not some hippy tree hugger—it's from former Secretary of Defense Chuck Hagel's foreword to an official DOD report released in 2014.

Hell, even the theocrats in Iran recognized the dangers of climate change in a Tehran conference—Climate Change, Towards Sustainable Future—held last June.

But we appreciate the difficulty of understanding this crisis when your vision is clouded by another whopping $662,000 in campaign contributions from oil companies between 2000 and 2008. If there were no alternatives to oil and coal as energy sources, we'd just have to live with the toxic consequences. But the oil barons who've bought you lock, stock and barrel, Jimbo, are doing everything possible to suppress a transition to renewable resources and a sustainable future.

We would tell you, as the country's leading petro whore, to go to Hell, but it would be a futile gesture as you and your fellow religious ignoramuses seem bound and determined to make Hell on Earth an imminent reality.

MIND FU@K

"I am Ela Darling, and this is pretty fucking cool, right?" For the past few months, former librarian and current porn star Ela Darling has been inserting Oculus cables up her butt and pussy to generate 3D holograms for VRtube, her new virtual reality porn site. "When someone puts on a headset, all frames are completely removed," explains Darling. "It's incredibly immersive. I'm relating personally with the viewer. We inhabit the same space and experience things together at the same time."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFERD GUENTHOER

Which means you get to fuck Ela any way you like. Want to take her doggy-style on the Golden Gate Bridge during rush hour? Have her pretty gal pals suck your nuts at the Lincoln Memorial? No problem! VRtube is open source, allowing users to create their own 3D environments. "I have really twisted sexual fantasies, and I'm guessing others do too," says Darling with a smile. "I'm so excited to see what people come up with! If you want me masturbating on the deck of *Star Trek*'s Enterprise. . . or in your bedroom, you can."

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*"When I was a librarian, I was the hot librarian. But now that I'm a porn star? I'm the smart porn star." —ELA DARLING, ADULT PERFORMER

TOY PORN

<< Do these mystery hands belong to one of HUSTLER's hottest honeys? *The Daily Mail* thinks so, outing former adult star Sandy Summers as YouTube phenomena DC Toys Collector.

Described as "crack for toddlers" and "toy porn" by technology strategist David Williams for their addicting, hypnotic effect on children, the fetishistic videos feature a set of perfectly manicured hands slowly unwrapping and displaying children's toys from every angle while a super-annoying voice describes their characteristics in a girlish half-whisper. The videos have gotten over five and a half billion views (yes, you read that right—*billion*), raking in over $5 million in 2014 and making it the year's most watched YouTube channel. *The New York Times* got close to confirming the star's identity, but ran into a dead end when their emails stopped being returned. With the help of "a close friend," nosy neighbors and a public record search, *The Daily Mail* alleges that the DC Toys Collector is Daiane DeJesus, better known to HUSTLER and BARELY LEGAL readers as beauty Sandy Summers. Here she is unwrapped and playing with super-fun toys.

BARELY LEGAL, APRIL '08

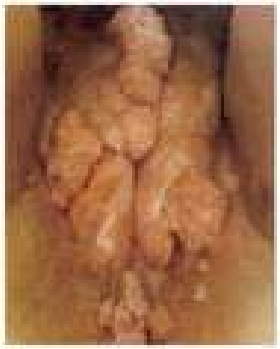
HUSTLER, NOVEMBER '07

"I don't know the question, but sex is definitely the answer."—WOODY ALLEN, DIRECTOR

WEAR A RAINCOAT

Your summer vacation is right around the bend—finally. After months of busting your butt at a job you hate, all you want to do is go somewhere fun, party your ass off and get laid—repeatedly. But where to go or, perhaps more importantly, where not to go? Allow us to inform your decision.

Twenty million new sexually transmitted infections are reported across the United States each year. *Twenty million!* Lucky for us, the Centers for Disease Control (CDC) tracks STDs by city and state. So we know for a fact that Memphis, the Birthplace of Rock 'n' Roll, ranks No. 1 for gonorrhea, followed by Philadelphia, City of Brotherly Love. Memphis also claims first place for chlamydia. Better luck next time, Anchorage, Alaska—you're a close second! San Francisco and Atlanta top the syphilis list, and Dallas, Detroit and Washington, D.C., have the three highest rates of HIV infection. The CDC doesn't track geographic data on herpes, crabs, HPV, yeast infections or stinky ball syndrome; you're on your own there.

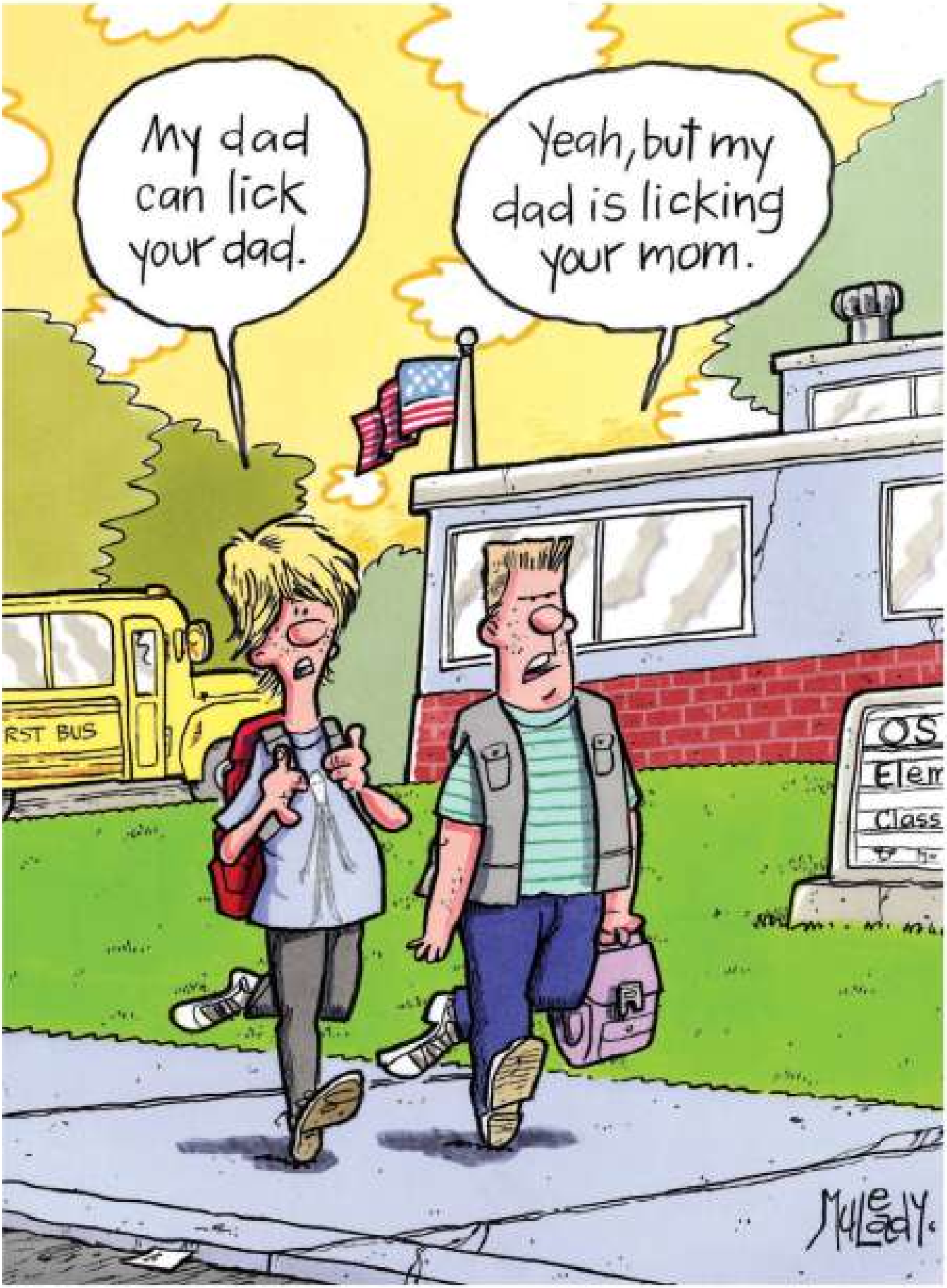


So choose your vacation spot wisely, my friend, and wherever you're headed, bring plenty of condoms. Happy tails—uh, trails. (For more information, see **cdc.gov/std**.)

Pauline read somewhere that men think about sex more than women, but finds that highly unlikely. Thanks to J.P. of Strathmore, California, for this vintage photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's *Porn From the Past*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"I guess if I can eat my wife's cooking for ten years, eating a little unwashed pussy isn't gonna kill me!"

"When I travel, I get lovesick. Well, they call it chlamydia." —JIMMY CARR, COMEDIAN


My dad can lick your dad.
Yeah, but my dad is licking your mom.
RST BUS
Class
MuLeady.

Hypnotized

Jillian Janson is mesmerizing [*Bound to Please*, May '15]. Her face is flawless! I don't think a HUSTLER layout has ever turned me on so much! She is so fucking beautiful and innocent looking. If only I could tie her up, dominate and play with her whenever I wanted to! Please, please, please, bring her back for more!

—Josh Hannigan
Auburn, Alabama

Free Love

I am a mental health expert. In the February '15 issue of HUSTLER, Larry Flynt made a point with which, as a moderate conservative, I fully agree: Equality between men and women has not been achieved [*Publisher's Statement*]. In the same issue there is a HUSTLER Classic from January '79 in which Allyson Russell [*Taking It Hard*] reminds me of a former decade's classic femininity: "...too many women dress and act like men," Allyson argued. Yet they are as sexually repressed as their grandmothers. True sexual liberation requires spontaneity; yet radical feminists are fomenting all of the opposite. They perpetuate the sexual repression that the '60s tried to do away with. Here in the state of New York, for instance, it has become risky to give females compliments without risk of sexual harassment. Aside from sexual fringes such as college environments and bars, sexual repression floats in the air. Sexually repressed spouses can't have a good sex life unless they watch porn. Plus it is going to just get worse, as the New York State Assembly is about to pass even tougher sexual harassment legislation. The liberation of the '60s consisted in freely and spontaneously approaching a stranger for love or sex. So we are regressing to the '50s, it seems. All Pure America might need is another Prohibition.

—Ricardo Martinez
Buffalo, New York

Strip Club Tipper

I want to offer my apology. As a longtime fan and supporter of your legendary publication of absolute excellence, which was born four months after me, the April '15 issue is the first issue I have seen in nine years. The reason? It's not that your magazine isn't entertaining and full of beautiful women. It's just that I miss the interactiveness one has with moving video that one can't get with still pictures. I also like to hear the communication and moans and screams of pleasure that you can't get from paper pictures. Your DVDs are excellent in this area. But I wanted to compliment you on three spreads: Ava Dalush [*Blindfold Me*], Sarah Hunter [*Caught in the Act*] and your cover honey Ryan Ryans [*Home Run*]. Three very beautiful women that the camera absolutely loves. I would also like to thank you for your very interesting and informative article by M. Allen Nathan on *Strip Club Tips*. As a 20-year VIP regular, I have never thought of entertainers as hookers. I have, however, always tried to offer my friendship and be accepting of theirs. But never pressured them in any way. I haven't been very successful in my attempts at building friendships.

—Brandon Walters
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Fifty shades of kink with Jillian Janson

Lip Service

Your covergirl Mindy has a nice ass [*Little Miss Perv*]. That's the first thing I noticed from your new issue. But the definite standout is Jillian Janson. Her lips are so kissable, and her eyes are pleading with me to fuck the brains out of her. I like the HUSTLER/TABOO crossover. If only the world knew that TABOO was here way before *Fifty Shades of Grey*. Thanks!

—A.B.
Tampa, Florida

Baby Talk

My mother just died. I need to stay away from politics for a while. Okay, one sentence: Anyone who wants to restrict or regulate stem cell research in any way is a murderer of my mother. On the bright side of life, I've decided it's time for me to start a family. Ideally a HUSTLER hottie who wants children. Around eight or 12. The Democrat Party needs more members. I like cuties with salt. Ashley Scott and Victoria Rae come to mind.

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of wild letters. Here's one of our favorites.

I would like to apply for the position of receptioness. I speck English and not a imigant. My profile is big knocks and soft ass; if you have a position available I want to be the one you hire. A smile and spoken English to your clients and consumers. But for yr bitches I can advice them to take off clothes faster. I can also help them preform, but I am not looking for a friend. And yr books are out of this world, but bitches tyring to kill themselve I can advice them to go for help. But confise to return so u make take more nude shots. I come on time, clean my office and put out the trash. I am gifted and well spoken, but I cannot advice anyone that has been raped. I hope you pick me because I'm sexy and dress up, like all women do?

—Lisa Saint-Aubain
Brooklyn, New York

See this, Helen? It gets more ass than I do!

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLERMAIL@com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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SCARLETT LEE

NAKED TRUTH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY:
MATTI KLATT

The first time I bought lingerie, it was more for my boyfriend than for me. I saved up and bought this tacky red babydoll that I wore with a garter belt and black stockings. He unwrapped me like I was a present, and I felt so sexy! Today I have better taste in lingerie and an entire dresser devoted to just bras and panties. I like how it feels when there's something beautiful and silky to peel off. And I like the look in a man's eyes when he finally sees me naked."

SCARLETT'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Munich, Germany** | AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **36B-25-35** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy**

LICE LINE DO NOT CROSS POLICE

IN THE LAST TEN YEARS, A NATIONWIDE BAND OF SHAKEDOWN ARTISTS HAS BEEN ROBBING HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT CIVILIANS OF THEIR MONEY AND PROPERTY. THE PERPS IN THIS GANG ALL WEAR BADGES, AND THEY WIELD A FULLY AUTOMATIC WEAPON KNOWN AS CIVIL FORFEITURE.

MUGGED BY THE COPS

How Civil Forfeiture Laws Have Corrupted America's Police Forces

Exposé by Travis Kelly | Photography by Larry Flynt Productions

Here's how it works: Let's say you're driving to a neighboring city to buy a used motorcycle found on Craigslist. The seller wants cash, so you withdraw $5,000 in greenbacks from your bank and head out on the highway, where you're soon stopped for going 12 mph over the limit. The cop asks to search your truck. Either you consent, or he brings in a dog that false alerts about 85% of the time to justify a search. He then finds your $5K stash in a bag on the passenger seat—and confiscates it. Legally. Because anybody carrying more than a couple of 20s and pocket change is probably, or could be, a drug dealer.

But there are no illegal drugs in your car. And there's no arrest, no Miranda warning, no criminal charges. The cop and his superiors are prosecutor, judge and jury. Mere suspicion that you might be a drug dealer is sufficient for the grab. And your only recourse to prove your innocence is to hire an attorney and file a civil suit against city hall that could drag on for years, costing far more than your $5K stash—so you just give up.

You've just been mugged by your own government.

No, this is not from a travelogue in backwater Bolivia or Uzbekistan. This happens every day in the beacon of liberty, the United States. And it's totally legal. What the hell?

It's the federal civil asset forfeiture statute, passed in the Comprehensive Drug Abuse Prevention and Control Act of 1970 as a new weapon in the never-ending War on Drugs that Nixon started. It initially gave the government the power to seize illicit drugs, but was expanded in 1978 and through the '80s to include cash and property. Many states and municipalities also have their own civil forfeiture laws. They allow the confiscation of autos, boats, aircraft and cash used in the illegal drug trade. Under the "equitable sharing" provision of the federal law, 80% of the seized assets can be kept by local or state police making the bust. This has formed a perverse incentive for regional police departments to pillage innocent citizens in cooperation with the Feds, even if state law prohibits such sanctioned theft.

This is what happened to Tony Jalali, owner of an office building in Anaheim, California: He rented offices to two medical marijuana dispensaries that were completely legal under California law. But the Feds used civil forfeiture laws to trump California law, and the Anaheim cops were only too happy to cooperate, attempting to confiscate Jalali's whole office building and net 80% of its $1.5-million value. The Feds would take 20%. Jalali had the money to fund a year-long legal battle against the U.S. Department of Justice, eventually winning the case and retaining ownership of his building. But most victims of civil forfeiture don't have those kind of resources. (Anaheim is currently suing Jalali for violating city bans on dispensaries, even though the city hosts the annual Kush Expo.)

After being stopped for driving three miles over the speed limit in Nevada, Tan Nguyen was forced to "forfeit" $50,000 in winnings from Las Vegas casinos.

In New Jersey, Carol Thomas's 17-year old son used her Ford Thunderbird to sell marijuana without her knowledge, and the Cumberland County Sheriff's office seized the car, even though Ms. Thomas was a veteran officer of the force herself! >>

DISCLAIMER: WE'VE TAKEN CERTAIN LIBERTIES IN ILLUSTRATING THIS ARTICLE. UNFORTUNATELY, THE VICTIMS OF CIVIL FORFEITURE ARE RARELY—READ NEVER—SUBJECT TO SUCH DELIGHTS.

In Alabama, a 55-year-old Chinese American was pulled over for speeding on Interstate 10. His $75,000 in cash, raised by relatives to buy a Hong Kong restaurant in Louisiana, was confiscated. He got it back ten months later, but only after spending thousands on a lawyer and losing the restaurant deal.

In Virginia, a church secretary was cop-robbed of $28,500 in congregation donations after a speeding stop by the local Barney Fife.

But you don't have to commit some minor traffic violation or loan your car for some unbeknownst drug transaction to be victimized by civil forfeiture piracy. All you have to do is run a business highly dependent on cash transactions, as did Carole Hinders, owner and operator of the Mrs. Lady's Mexican Food restaurant in Arnolds Park, Iowa, for 38 years. In 2013 the Feds seized Ms. Hinders' entire $33,000 bank account, because she had made many cash deposits of less than $10,000. Federal law requires banks to report any deposit over that amount, so drug dealers are known to "structure" their deposits—in a sequence of amounts slightly under $10K—to evade the reporting requirement.

The Feds assumed Ms. Hinders was "structuring"; hence she must be doing something illegal. Never mind that her restaurant was a cash-only business, or that the Feds and their local deputies didn't find, or even bother to search for, pot instead of cilantro in her hot sauce or crystal meth hidden in her burritos. Even though she wasn't "breaking bad," she fit one narrow-minded profile of a drug dealer, so that was enough to justify her summary conviction. It's analogous to a man with a full beard being put on the federal no-fly list just because he looks like an Islamic jihadist.

In New York, the Feds seized a whopping $446,000 bank account from brothers Jeffrey, Richard and Mitch Hirsch, owners of Bi-County Distributors, a wholesale supplier of snacks and other goods to convenience marts, which often pay directly from their cash till. With zero evidence of illegal doings, the federal government didn't even bother to file a civil forfeiture action in court. It just sat on the money in a prolonged delaying action for nearly three years, almost destroying the Hirsch brothers' business. Because they were suspected of "structuring" cash bank deposits.

But the capital of cop robbery is Philadelphia, where the district attorney's office seized a staggering $64 million in assets from 2002 to 2012, including over 3,000 vehicles, nearly 1,200 properties and $44 million in cash. Although this legal crime spree did not begin under his watch, Philadelphia District Attorney Rufus Seth Williams has only accelerated the outrages. In 2011 his office filed over 6,500 forfeiture cases.

Typical was the ordeal of Christos and Markela Sourovelis, whose Philly house was "forfeited" after their 22-year-old son was arrested for possessing $40 worth of heroin. Like many parents, they knew nothing of their son's well-hidden drug habit; nor was there any evidence of drug dealing from the house. The Sourovelis family was evicted from their home under Philadelphia's "seize and seal" law, tossed out into the street and only allowed to return if they agreed to forfeit something else: their son, who was banned from living in or visiting the home.

Other victims, many of them indigent, are forced to negotiate the city's Kafkaesque forfeiture maze: required to appear in the notorious Courtroom 478—which is not really a courtroom at all—up to ten times for petty procedures and lose all their property if they miss one meeting.

That the epicenter of this epidemic is Philadelphia, the birthplace of our Constitution, says a lot about the state of our nation. Greed is our whole creed now, at any cost, and damn all other considerations, legal, constitutional or moral. Almost $25 million, or 40% of Philadelphia's forfeiture revenue, has gone straight to inflate salaries of the Philly district attorney's and sheriff's offices.

ALMOST $25 MILLION, OR 40% OF PHILADELPHIA'S FORFEITURE REVENUE, HAS GONE STRAIGHT TO INFLATE SALARIES OF THE PHILLY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S AND SHERIFF'S OFFICES.

Other cities and states are following in Philadelphia's footsteps. In Arizona, forfeiture revenue increased almost 400% from 2000 to 2011; in Texas, it almost tripled from 2001 to 2007, with nearly a quarter spent on salaries; in Minnesota, forfeiture revenue jumped 75% from 2003 to 2010, earning police almost $30 million.

Often the prosecutors and sheriffs are just lining their pockets with the ill-gotten gains (it's easy to get pay raises passed with a steady stream of new revenue), or splurging to buy law enforcement essentials like a margarita machine or a Zamboni ice slicker, in two infamous cases. In Bal Harbour, Florida, the local cops raked in $19.3 million over three and a half years, funding extravagant parties, vacations, a 35-foot power boat and a mobile SWAT truck with satellite and flat-screen TVs.

Unlike criminal forfeiture, where a defendant is presumed innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, civil forfeiture assumes guilt at the outset. The mere suspicion that property has been associated with a crime is sufficient for confiscation, whether or not the owner was witting to the offense. It's nothing less than policing for profit, and not far from the kind of ubiquitous graft and corruption that plague Third World police forces.

How did we sink to this point?

Like so many of our other unconstitutional ills, the rot took root in the hysteria following 9/11: Homeland Security antiterrorist operations, in cooperation with state fusion centers, began to more closely watch American citizens. Private intelligence companies, such as Black Asphalt and Desert Snow, received federal funding to train police departments nationwide in sharing intelligence on American motorists, on the lookout for possible terrorists. But these new operations soon merged with the decades-old drug war, and police departments began using the new intelligence to profile possible drug dealers—or anyone who even vaguely fit the profiles. Since then it's been open-season bounty hunting on American citizens, and the Feds have seized more than $2.5 billion in cash and property from people never charged with a crime. >>

SINCE 9/11 IT'S BEEN OPEN SEASON BOUNTY HUNTING ON AMERICAN CITIZENS, AND THE FEDS HAVE SEIZED MORE THAN $2.5 BILLION IN CASH AND PROPERTY FROM PEOPLE NEVER CHARGED WITH A CRIME.

In 2000, after a number of abuses were widely publicized, Congress reformed the federal civil forfeiture law to allow innocent victims a chance to recoup their cash and legal fees, but a key reform—revoking the "equitable sharing" provision with local and state law enforcement—was killed after a fierce lobbying effort by police organizations and the Justice Department.

In January 2015, responding to the new spate of outrages in recent years, Attorney General Eric Holder did reform the Equitable Sharing Program, stating that it could only be used in cases involving "public safety concerns, including firearms, ammunition, explosives and property associated with child pornography," and that adoption of all other property, including, but not limited to, "vehicles, valuables and cash," is prohibited. This sounds like progress, putting an end to many of the suspected drug case abuses, but there is a giant loophole: The new policy does not apply to "seizures by state and local authorities that are the result of joint federal-state investigations or that are coordinated with federal authorities as part of ongoing federal investigations."

There are hundreds of such federally-funded "multijurisdictional task forces" in the nation that would qualify for the exemption to the new rules, as Eapen Thampy, executive director of Americans for Forfeiture Reform, notes: "As virtually every drug task force I know of has a federal liaison on call, this means business as usual by local law enforcement using civil asset forfeiture through the Equitable Sharing Program to enforce the Controlled Substances Act and other federal statutes. In other words, the exception swallows the rule."

Basically, Holder's enforcement policy (which he or any future attorney general could change or reverse at any time) is a smokescreen that any police department with a little hustle could maneuver through. Simply join a federal task force (which will get 20% of the seized assets in a bust), and you're automatically exempt from these lofty-sounding new restrictions. The law itself, not some future J. Edgar Hoover's interpretation of it—needs to be changed or abolished.

Nor does Holder's new policy "affect the ability of state and local agencies to pursue the forfeiture of assets pursuant to their respective state laws," in the words of an order released by the Office of the Attorney General. Some state laws make civil forfeiture abuses easier than the federal law; other states offer more protection for innocent citizens caught in the trap, requiring proof of wrongdoing beyond a reasonable doubt. In the latter case, local cops have relied on the Feds to "adopt" the case (as in the Tony Jalali case cited above), thus evading the stricter state requirements.

Fortunately, there is pushback on other fronts. The Institute of Justice has filed class action suits against Philadelphia and other venues notorious for civil forfeiture abuse. As of this writing, most of these cases are still being litigated.

Also in January of this year, Senators Rand Paul and Tim Walberg, both Republicans, introduced the Fifth Amendment Integrity Restoration Act of 2015. The FAIR Act would abolish the perverse incentives behind civil forfeiture abuse by:

• Prohibiting the Department of Justice from keeping seized assets for its own use. Instead, the assets would be deposited with the General Fund of the Treasury, which was the case before the law was changed with the Comprehensive Crime Control Act of 1984. (Money deposited in the Department of Justice's federal forfeitures fund increased from $27 million in 1985 to $556 million in 1993.)

(continued on page 112) >>

CAMERON
DEE
ROLL WITH ME
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I'm a Southern California girl, born and raised, but there's still so much for me to see. My last birthday, I got myself a motorcycle, and I've been using it to explore as much as I can. Half a tank of gas is all it takes to get out of town. I attract a ton of attention when the motor fires up, especially from guys. God, I love that sound! If a guy is hot enough, I'll take him with me, find some secluded place to pull over and get nasty. Bikers really do make the best lovers!"

#selfies

Edited by Kimberly Cheng

Back by popular demand: an encore presentation of super-slutty selfies! In fact, our triple-X tweets received so much love, we've turned them into a regular feature. Feast your eyes on this month's Honeys. You're welcome.

Ash Hollywood @AshHollywood · July '14 Feature

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
47.5K	1,355	73.1K

@AshHollywood
Hey @ChristyCanyon11 I got a new hat!

@AbbyLeeBrazil
Boobies

Abby Lee Brazil @AbbyLeeBrazil · March '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
4,207	266	24.4K

Cindy Starfall @CindyStarfall - May '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
4,761	325	125K

@CindyStarfall

Oh it's yoga time? Don't mind me bouncing on my ball in my thong...

@MissSaintXXX

Holy shit 😳 over 500k followers 🍒 y'all are amazing! Sending love to each and every one of you 👄

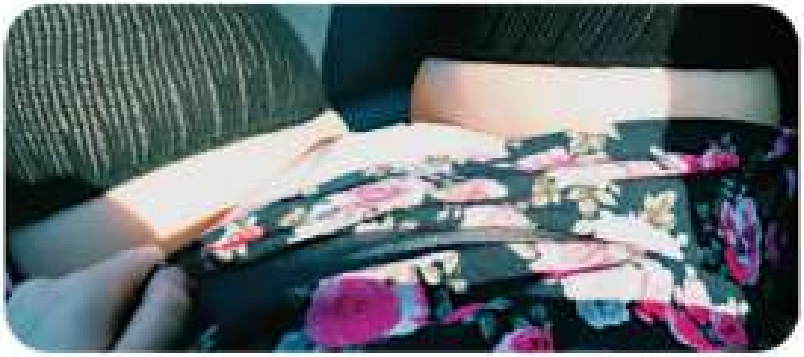
Samantha Saint @MissSaintXXX - Sept '14 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
16.9K	542	577K

@AnaFoxxx
When I'm sleepy my nipples are like turn down for what???

Ana Foxxx @AnaFoxxx - June '14 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
47.5K	1,355	73.1K



@BaileyBaeXXX
Naughty car rides 😋 He's about to get some.

Bailey Bae @BaileyBaeXXX - Feb '15 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
167	186	2,407

Christy Mack @ChristyMack · Feb '14 Feature

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
10.6K	191	173K

@ChristyMack

The second they load into the Rover, they know it's puppachino time.

@KeishaGreyXXX

I make friends with every kitten <3 <3 <3

Keisha Grey @KeishaGreyXXX · May '14 Honey

TWEETS	FOLLOWING	FOLLOWERS
6,129	814	134K

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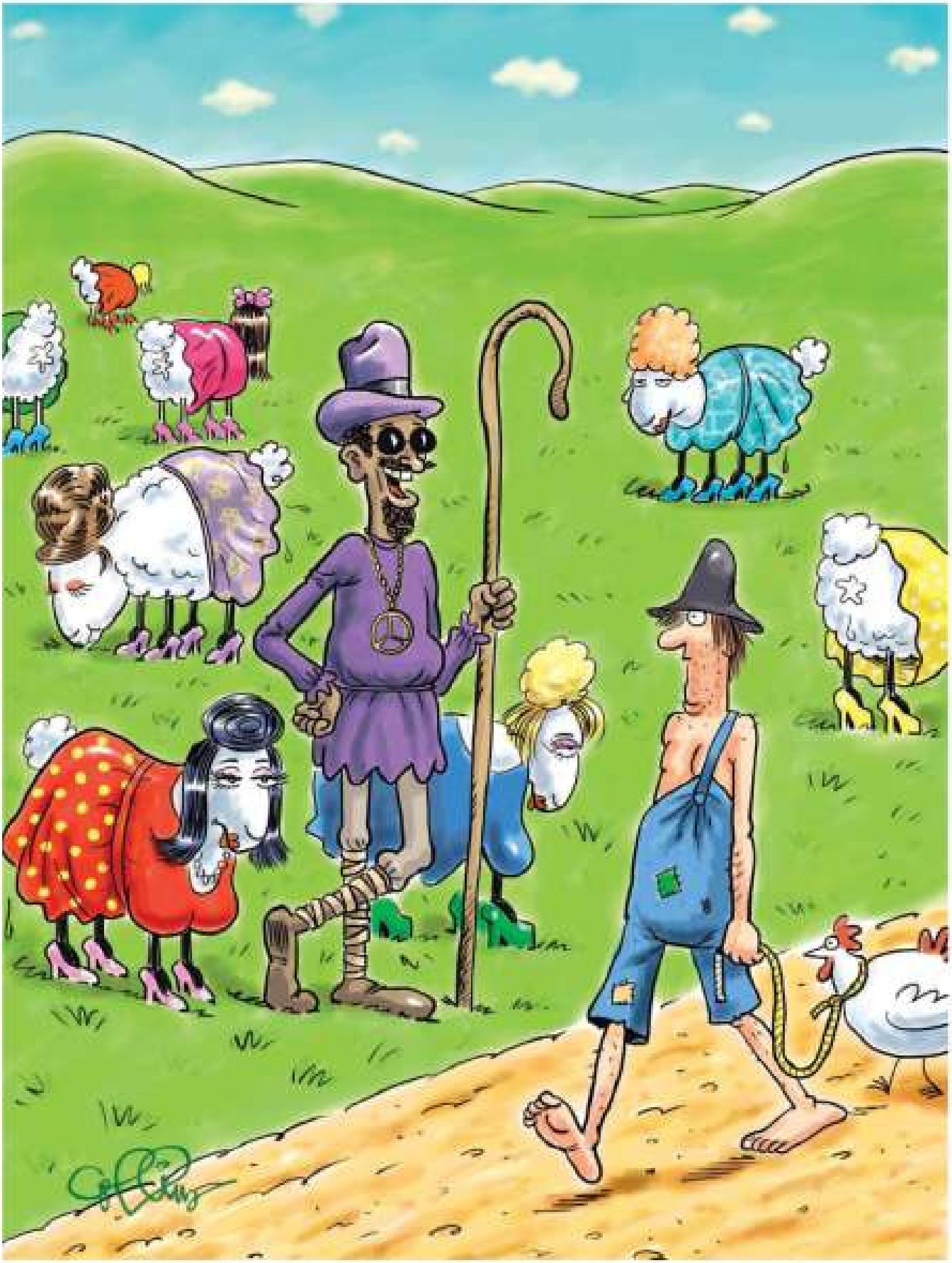

"Hey, farmboy! You lookin' for a good time?"

SPENCER
SCOTT
STICKY FINGERS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

I masturbate every day, sometimes twice, if I don't have sex with someone else. Toys are good, but mostly I'll just use my fingers. I float them over my clit lightly, like a butterfly, until I can't take it anymore. I can come a lot. The most was ten times in one day. Lately I'm into women too. Women hit on me all the time, stare at my boobs worse than guys. It's crazy! But I gotta admit, it's hot to turn a girl on. Plus, I know how to make her feel amazing."

SPENCER'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Atlanta, Georgia** | AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-4**
MEASUREMENTS: **34D-23-33** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary** | TWITTER: **@Spencer_Scott**

VANESSA
VERACRUZ
&
RYAN
RYANS
GIRL CRAZY
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
TAMMY SANDS

I handpick the girls I want to shoot with. Ryan is amazing, and I can't believe I get to play with her. Even though I do videos, I prefer photo shoots. They make me feel sexier because I can hold on to moments longer, take my time looking. Working with Ryan, every angle is fantastic." —Vanessa

I've had sex with girls before, but it's different when you do it in front of the camera. You have to make sure to touch her the right way and make her feel pretty and sensual. Touching [redacted] was easy, second nature. I knew just what to do. And I'm totally up for doing it again. ;)" —Ryan

VANESSA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Los Angeles, California** | AGE: **27** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-25-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **On top**
TWITTER: **@MsVeracruz**

RYAN'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Orlando, Florida** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **34C-24-33** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@MissRyanRyans**

Join us?
xoxo,
Ryan & Vanessa

Join us?
xoxo,
Ryan & Vanessa
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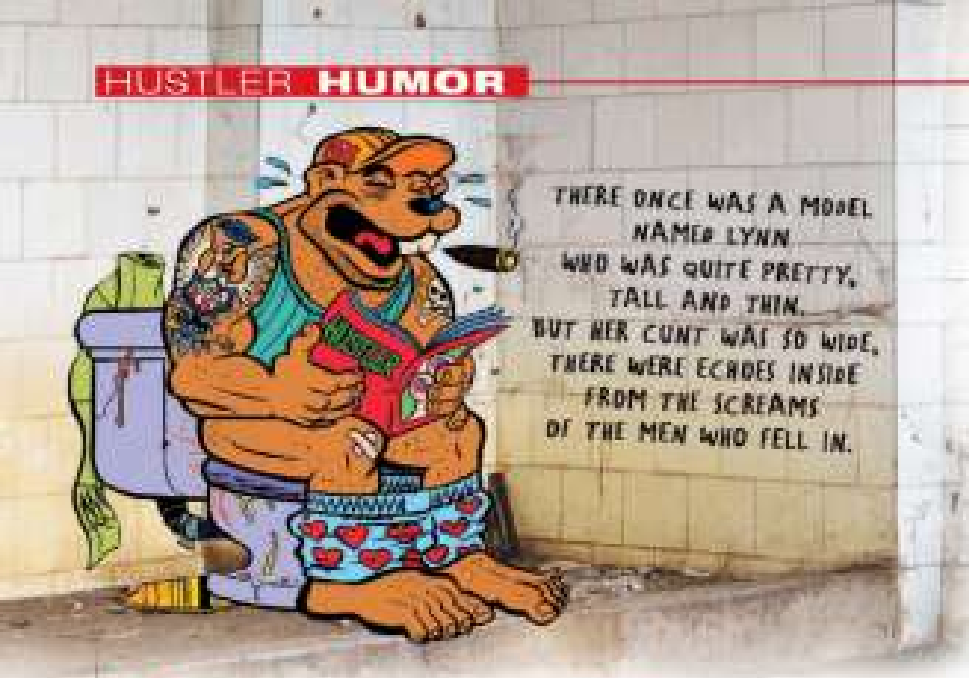

THERE ONCE WAS A MODEL
NAMED LYNN
WHO WAS QUITE PRETTY,
TALL AND THIN,
BUT HER CUNT WAS SO WIDE,
THERE WERE ECHOES INSIDE
FROM THE SCREAMS
OF THE MEN WHO FELL IN.

After meeting a sexy young woman at a local bar, lucky Henry was invited back to her place, where they engaged in a night of passionate, raunchy sex. *She could be the one,* thought Henry.

The next morning, as he dressed, he noticed a picture of a handsome, fit man on the dresser. Henry began to worry that the man might be the woman's jealous boyfriend or husband.

"Excuse me," Henry asked, gently waking his lover. "Who is that a picture of? It's not your husband, is it?"

"Oh, no," said the woman. "That was me before the operation."

Question: What do video games and HUSTLER have in common?

Answer: They both improve eye-hand coordination.

A doctor and his wife spent the night arguing. Just before he walked out the door, he shouted, "Just so you know, you give lousy head." Later, feeling remorseful for his harsh words, he called home to apologize. The phone rang and rang. When she finally picked up, the doctor asked, "What took you so long? I've been trying to reach you for hours!"

"I was busy," she replied.

"Doing what?"

"Getting a second opinion."

Question: Why do men often pass away years before their wives?

Answer: They want to.

Question: What did the blonde say when the doctor told her she was pregnant?

Answer: "Are you sure that it's mine?"

Gina, a beautiful, voluptuous woman, went to a gynecologist. After taking one look at her, the doctor's professionalism went right out the window. Right away he asked her to undress. As she took off her dress and panties, he began to stroke her thighs. "Do you know what I'm doing?" he asked, looking intently at his patient.

"Yes," she said. "You're checking the exterior of my vagina for abrasions or dermatological abnormalities."

"That is correct," said the doctor. He began fondling her breasts. "Do you know what I'm doing now?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "You're checking for any lumps or breast cancer."

"That's right," nodded the doctor. He undid his zipper, pulled down his pants and began to fuck the woman. "And do you know what I'm doing now?"

"Yes. Getting herpes."

A hungry man went into a restaurant and sat down to place his order. "I want a quickie," he told the waitress. She slapped his face. "Please, all I want is a quickie!" She slapped him again and walked away. He got the attention of a second waitress. "What is it gonna take before one of you girls gives me a simple quickie?" This waitress slapped him even harder and pointed him to the door.

As the bewildered man made his way out, a diner leaned over and said, "It's pronounced *kee-sh.*"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLERHUMOR@*.com. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

"I see Steve's ol' lady has gotten on his nerves again."

FANM

INTERVIEWS BY ALEX RENTON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY KELLY WEBB

Every year tens of thousands of fans flock to Vegas for the world's biggest porn convention. And every year the world's brightest adult stars are there to greet them. As anyone who's anyone at the Adult Entertainment Expo will tell you, a pornstress is nothing without her fans. HUSTLER canvassed the floor to ask your favorite performers for their wildest, wackiest, scariest, sweetest, sexiest fan stories. Your stories.

ANIA

BONNIE ROTTEN

I was in Barcelona at an expo. I went there last October, and I was at a booth, and I had to pee, so I peed in a cup. And I handed it to a guy, and he drank it! Later on I noticed him on-stage with a girl, and he has a strap-on, and he's fucking the girl with it. So I went up onstage and squirted all over him, and that was so much fun. Unforgettable, absolutely unforgettable.

ANRI OKITA

Anri Okita: There's a card that one old guy, more than 60 years old, gives me every day. In tiny literature, in a card, he writes and sends it to me every day. So that's 365 letters to me. An old guy, but he loves me so much.

HUSTLER: For how long?

Anri: Maybe about two years.

CHANEL PRESTON

This is super nice: Someone interviewed me the other day and brought me a little sloth box. And it was like instructions on how to love your sloth, and it came with a book, and you fill in its name and all the other characteristics about the sloth and how to hug it and how to care for it. And sloths are my favorite animal! Ever! I think they're amazing animals. So he brought me this little box, and I thought it was adorable. So sweet of him! I'm sure I've had crazier fan experiences than that, but it stood out because he remembered something about me.

JODI TAYLOR

I think the best story is when one of my fans outed me to all of my non-porn friends. He was such a nice guy too. He didn't even do it on purpose. He just came up to me and called me by my porn name, asked to get pictures, super-sweet guy. But all my friends were looking at me like, "What the hell is going on? Who are you?" And then that led to me telling them that I did porn. It was a good thing, because it turned out they were extremely cool about it.

JESSE (FORMERLY JESSE JANE)

The craziest interaction I've ever had with a fan was kind of a scary one. He followed me from a HUSTLER signing, followed me to dinner afterward. And I'm not really paying attention. Followed me to an after-club and all the way to a friend's house, then pulls a knife on me just to talk. It wasn't to be malicious, but still it was weird. He followed me the whole time, creeper status, and pulled a knife just to talk, and says, "I just want 20 seconds of your time!" Thank God I was with a bunch of friends, because they jumped him. That was the weirdest, craziest experience I've ever had with a fan, but usually they are really good.

TASHA REIGN

I love my fans! They are awesome! They're the reason we have a job. I'm really lucky because my fans know I'm obsessed with Disney, especially the movie *Frozen* and Queen Elsa. So this AVN show alone I've had like five different fans, both men and women, bringing me Queen Elsa *Frozen* paraphernalia. And the sweetest birthday cards! My birthday was last week, and this woman sketched me in a huge portrait with pencil. It's like one thing after another. This guy has a little—I don't know if it's a wood chipper or what, but he makes these little wood plaques of my cats. It has my animals carved into it and their names above them. It's crazy! They go out of their way to make me happy! I love them!

ANGELA WHITE

Angela White: One of my biggest fans just flew in from Saudi Arabia to be here with me today, to get my autograph.
HUSTLER: Do you think he wants to make you one of his wives?
Angela: I'm not the marrying type. If anything, I would be the one with a harem of men.

MISSY MARTINEZ

I was doing a signing while I was feature dancing, and I was signing autographs. This guy came in, bought some DVDs and bought some autographs, and then this woman came in and was like, "What the fuck are you doing?" She caught him, and apparently he's not supposed to spend money on anything porn-related. She knocked everything out of his hands and dragged him out by the ear. So I thought, *Oh, I'm a homewrecker.*

NICKEY HUNTSMAN

One time I ordered a new necklace off of Amazon from my favorite movie. It was a movie replica necklace, and I ended up getting two or three of the same necklaces in the mail. And it had a note with it saying, "To be the Wookie," and I was like *Whoa! That's weird!* So I guess one of my fans works for Amazon, because it was included in my order, a personal note along with extra of what I ordered.

ALEXIS TEXAS

I have fans that follow me throughout the tour. For Christmas they send me little trinkets and things. Like soap, from a cowboy shape hat to a penis soap to a Texas soap. I think those things are sweet and endearing—just because they watch me fuck doesn't mean they don't know who I am. I like that they actually take the time to engage on a more personal level.

AJ APPLEGATE

AJ Applegate: One of my fans sent me a box of cupcakes that spelled out "AJ Applegate" on top of them. It was a whole box that spelled out my name and "Happy Birthday."
HUSTLER: Did you eat them?
AJ: Oh yeah.

AUGUST AMES

So it happened today: One of my fans—I was actually a fan of his. It was Amir [actor Amir Talai]—that's his real name—from *Harold & Kumar 2*. And I recognized him right away, and I actually started crying a little bit. So it was cool. We're each other's fans.

ANA FOXXX

My most unique interaction would be with a man overseas who had cancer, and he was bedridden for a while, and he used my porn to make him happy. So he told me he was my number-one fan and his reason for getting up in the morning—to watch my porn. And I thought that was pretty cool!

ELA DARLING

One fan—he came to see me last year—he brought me fruit snacks and beverages, and he took care of me. And this year he brought me treats for my dog. His first question was, "How's Gonzo doing?" and I was like, "He's doing so good!" And he pulled out dog treats for my dog, and that's how deep his fandom goes. It's so special and it's so important.

BROOKLYN CHASE

I would say the coolest actually happened this week. I had a guy come all the way from the UK just to see me. Four-day pass just to hang out with me, and that was cool. So we had lunch today and we got to hang out. And it's an odd, surreal thing that somebody flew halfway across the world for me. Not something I would have ever anticipated would happen in my life, but it's very cool, and I'm very flattered.

TANYA TATE

I take a lot of pictures with my fans, and I have this little one, and he's called Dee-Low, and he comes up to my boobs. So every time I take a picture with him, all the fans are like, "Oh, I'm really jealous!" You know, because his head is the same height as my boobs. So this one time, I went, "Do you want the *special* picture?" And he went, "Oh, what's the special picture?" and I said, "It's behind the curtain." So I took him behind the curtain, and I got my boobs out, and I shoved his head between my boobs, and I said, "Take that picture!"

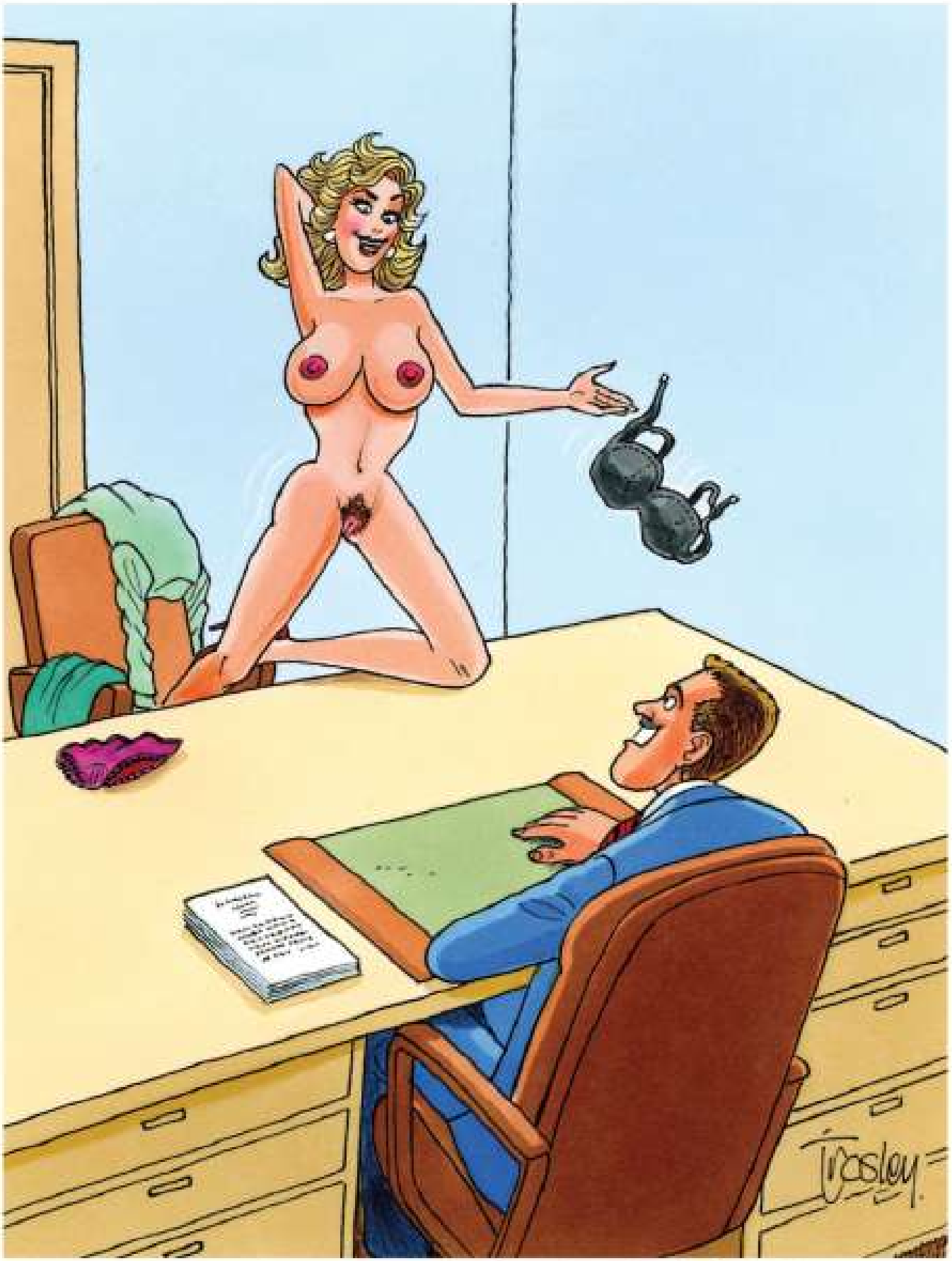
CHANELL HEART

The best moment I've ever had with a fan is yesterday I was on the expo floor, and I was in regular clothes, and I literally had a group of guys come up to me like, "Oh, my God, are you Chanell Heart?" They actually took the time to notice me and pay attention to me, so honestly I just love the acknowledgement. At the end of the day that's really what it's all about. It's about being acknowledged and being noticed by all my fans and all these great people.

SASHA SEAN

Sitting at an airport. It was deserted. It was around Christmastime. It was late. There was an Army deployment kid sitting there, and he said that he had watched my work. I do a lot of MILF, and he loved to watch MILF. It kept him going through a lot of rough nights in Afghanistan. And he said, "Thank you so much!" I said, "Thank you for everything you do. Is there anything I can do for you?" He just kind of laughed, and at that moment I thought, *I'm going to take this opportunity.* I pulled down his pants and sucked his dick in the airport. And I swallowed, so that way we didn't leave any evidence. So I said, "Thanks for what you do." And he said, "You know, what if I never come back again? Thanks for making my last day great... and it was awesome!"

"Hi there! I was sitting at the end of the bar, and I couldn't help but notice that you have cum in your hair. Buy you a drink?"



"I started to prepare a résumé but then thought fuck it!"

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ARIANA MARIE

CINDY STARFALL

SLUT PUPPIES 9

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: JULES JORDAN. STARRING: CARTER CRUISE, ARIANA MARIE, CINDY STARFALL, DAKOTA SKYE, CHRIS STROKES, MARK WOOD, BILL BAILEY, JESSY JONES, RAMON NOMAR & JULES JORDAN

As anyone who's ever brought a stray home knows, strict obedience training is vital to developing a proper dynamic with your new pet. In *Slut Puppies 9*, four pretty pooches receive the firm-yet-fair guidance that they require and are duly rewarded with juicy bones to play with. The festivities kick off with Carter Cruise, a tight-bodied young blonde whose efforts to put on a webcam show are disrupted by a noisy gardening crew outside her window. She resolves the dilemma in the most porn-logical way possible—by inviting the half-dozen laborers up to her place to film the show with her. By scene's end, Cruise's face is a glazed masterpiece that gives Cinnabon a run for its money. Later on, doe-eyed vixen Ariana Marie, sporting a pink collar and a meticulously shaved quim, takes a four-star pounding from a pair of goons who leave her with dark red handprints on her pert ass and a thoroughly gooey mug deserving of a blue ribbon. *Slut Puppies 9* earns its pedigree in the hardest—which is to say, the best—way possible.

—Pico D. Ribibi

CARTER CRUISE

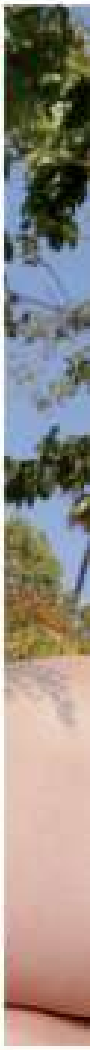
DAKOTA SKYE

BBW NURSES

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: SASHAA JUGGS, BECKI BUTTERFLY, ELIZA ALLURE, JADE ROSE, MARCO BANDERAS, CYRUS KING, SCOTT LYONS & EVAN STONE.

Got a serious case of fat snatch fever? *BBW Nurses* is your prescription for carnal bliss. The title pretty much says it all—ladies of ample size curing inflamed groin girders along with other ailments. The video opens up with Becki Butterfly, a hefty brunette who's dispatched to care for a poor sap with a burn knee. The treatment begins with a massage of the injured area, then progresses to a rubdown of the patient's swollen meat mast courtesy of Butterfly's hand, lips and, finally, the silky walls of her lard-framed girl gulch. The method of treatment is unconventional, but in the end the patient is relieved of the troubling semen that's been obstructing his pathway to satisfaction. Later, hyper-buxom healer Eliza Allure tends to another knee patient who, miraculously, rises to his feet without the aid of his walker as Allure kneads his meat mallet with her airbag-grade chest pillows. The real star of the show is Sashaa Juggs, a fetching she-mountain of a blonde who provides urgent relief to Evan Stone's love muscle. Regardless of the debate over health care—let alone the obesity epidemic—in America, one thing is certain: If you're suffering from an unquenched desire for heaping mounds of horny girl-flesh, *BBW Nurses* is the cure for what ails you. Get *BBW Nurses* now by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—P.D.R.**

BECKI BUTTERFLY



JADE ROSE

SASHA JUGGS

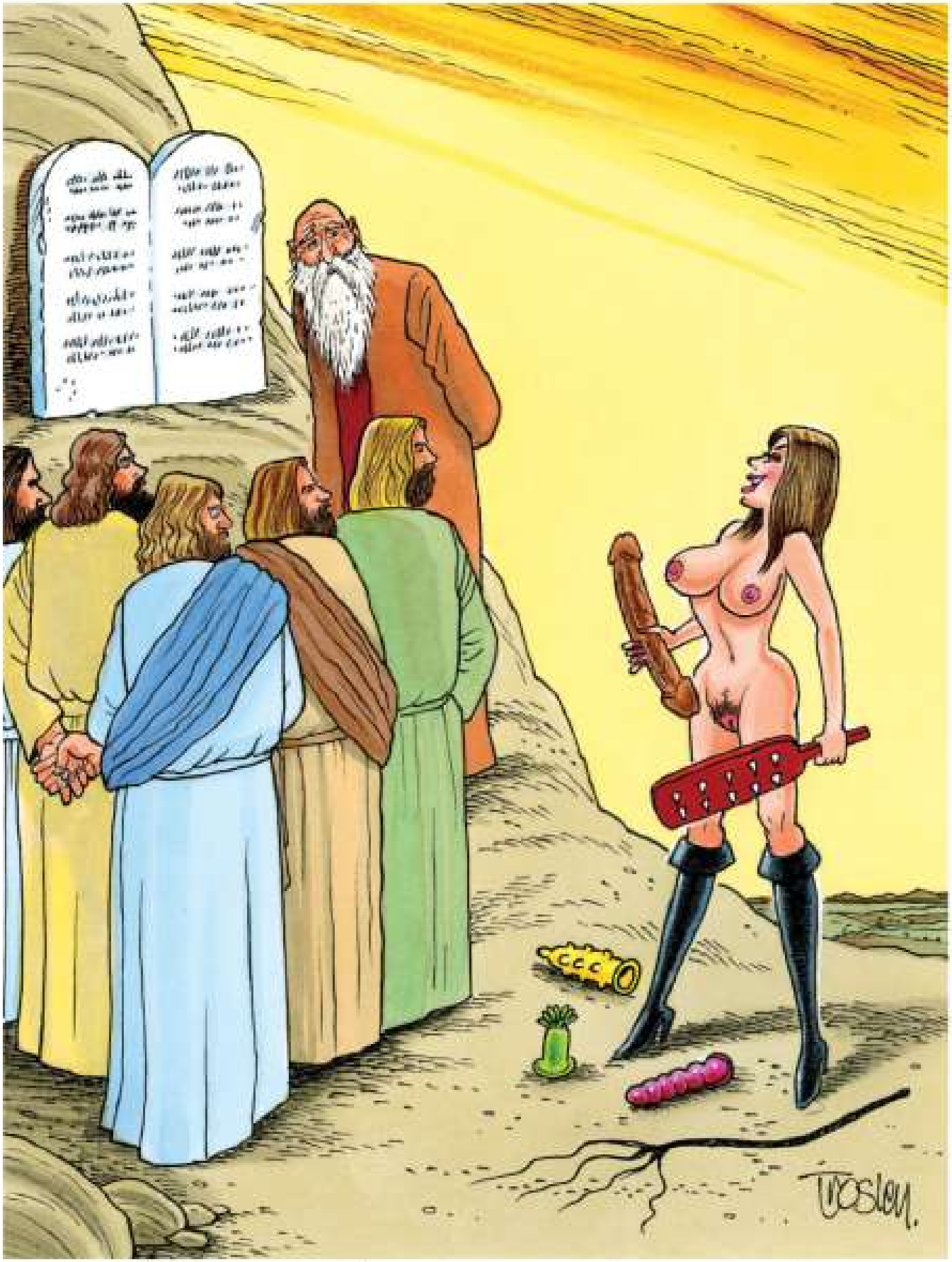
ELIZA ALLURE

SINNERS BALL

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: BRAD ARMSTRONG. STARRING: JESSICA DRAKE, ASA AKIRA, CHANEL PRESTON, CHLOE AMOUR, NADIA STYLES, ADRIANNA LUNA, DESTINY DIXON, HELLY MAE HELLFIRE, KATRINA JADE, RYAN RYANS, DERRICK PIERCE, ERIC MASTERSON, ERIK EVERHARD, BRAD ARMSTONG, DANNY MOUNTAIN, JACK VEGAS, JAY SMOOTH, RYAN DRILLER, RYAN MCLANE, SETH GAMBLE, STEVEN ST. CROIX & TYLER NIXON.

Sinners Ball is the porn equivalent of empty calories—delicious on the surface, but ultimately devoid of much sustenance for viewers with a taste for the truly nasty. The slick-as-snot video chronicles the tale of an exclusive annual event where hand-selected guests are invited to beg, borrow or bargain for any sex act they want. The result is a dry hump from a pretty stranger who ends up picking your pocket. To be fair, *Sinners Ball* lives up to the usual Wicked Pictures standards: attractive performers and solid production values. What's lacking is passion. After a meandering introduction that emphasizes how very upscale this event is, the first sex scene depicts Jessica Drake and Asa Akira—both quite beautiful—getting drilled by their beaus. And yet, for all the lovely window dressing and semi-earnest yelps of desire, the foursome feels as sterile as a surgical procedure. Later a stiff in a tuxedo pays 15 grand to have a pair of chained, collared beauties crawl around and slobber all over his knob—a one-percenter's indulgence that the average viewer will have as much chance of experiencing as he would of tasting a rainbow. It's all passably entertaining fare, but in the end *Sinners Ball* feels like a party that you're only allowed to view through the window outside, and where's the fun in that?

—P.D.R.



"Relax, Moses...we'll just think up some other perversions!"

MAO & MOE

BODY LANGUAGE

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

In Japanese, Moe means adorable, and my friend really is! She giggles constantly and says such silly things. She gets a lot of attention from guys. One day we noticed this American boy staring at us. He'd been following us, so we started following him. It was fun, like a game. He tried talking to us, but we didn't understand much of what he was saying. He was so *kawaii* [cute] though! So we ended up in his hotel room, where we all communicated perfectly."

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BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

CASSIE

This "outgoing, kind and inspirational" resident of Ravenna, Ohio, will be hitting the 21st-birthday milestone in August, and she's already mapped out the big occasion. "I'm gonna get wasted and have a romantic sexual experience to end my night just right," Cassie vows. The 5-foot-1 *Call of Duty* whiz is a gamer in every sense of the word. "I'm straight, aggressively sexy and adventurous," she discloses. "I'm into being tied up, anal sex and all types of fetishes—balloon, tickling, feet, smoking, belly button and more! And I'm obsessed with beards." But not with growing one beneath her navel: "I like the slick, soft, touchable look," Cassie asserts.

—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

"My personal call of duty is to make whomever I'm with a much happier person."

LIL BARBIE BADAZZ

"On my birthday I have always wanted to come out of a huge cake naked," muses Lil Barbie Badazz, a real estate agent from Temple, Texas. In the meantime we've thrown the 5-foot-8 dazzler a nude coming-out party with a huge audience and a $250 gift. "A lot of women don't believe in exposing themselves to the public," professes Lil Barbie, who'll be blowing out 25 candles in August. "But hey, if ya got it, flaunt it, right? I'm a sweet Southern belle, but don't let the pretty smile fool ya. There's nothing innocent about me. I'm naughty as all get-out and past kinky. I'm a freak in the sheets!" And if the workout and clubbing buff wants to add a hard-pounding soundtrack, her rolls in the hay are gonna be backed by Nirvana, Lynyrd Skynyrd or Tom Petty. When it comes to backdoor boning, Lil Barbie Badazz isn't a heartbreaker, but she does have a Hollywood heartthrob and a sweet tooth: "My fantasy is to make mad love to Bradley Cooper in a tub full of Skittles."

—Photos by Ron Neumann

"I love showing houses when I'm working and showing off my badazz bod when play-time comes around."

ECHO

"I'm very seductive," reckons Echo, 26, a stay-at-home mom from Arvada, Colorado. "I like encouraging men and women to drool over me." She can even do it without getting undressed. "I was a hostess at a Japanese restaurant," the 6-foot-1 swimming and "really good pot" enthusiast explains. "I always bowed to greet the guests, making sure they could see down my low-cut blouse. I made great tips there." When Echo is hungry for something more invigorating than sushi or beef teriyaki, she doesn't like to get just a tip: "From personal experience I can say that small penises just don't get the job done." In sync with Echo's size-matters credo is her fantasy: "being a porn star." But she has already outdone many gals in the jizz biz. "When I was in high school, I did the whole football team," Echo proudly recalls. "And I wasn't even a cheerleader!" Echo's down-and-dirty résumé also includes "an orgy with four men and five girls," a passion for assfucking and being an obliging, drooling homebody. "I love to give head while I watch TV," the *Gotham* fan exults. —*Photos by Mahalos Chuck*

JENN C.

"I believe the female body is beautiful and sexy, and I wish all women agreed with me," states "loyal and observant" Jenn C., 39, from Wichita, Kansas. "By being nude in this magazine, I hope to inspire women to stop worrying about what others think and just do what they really want to do. I work in business development, and I used to be very shy. Now I'm developing a side career as a tattoo model." The 5-foot-0 bombshell is a busy Beaver: "My favorite pastimes are reading, listening to music, having sex, sex and more sex, drinking wine, cuddling with my husband in front of the TV on a rainy or snowy night and being a huge social-media freak. I can't seem to stay away even when I get banned." Jenn elaborates on her most prevalent pastime: "Sex can be used for many things, including stress relief, headaches, sleeplessness and just to feel closer to someone. So any time I can have it, I do. I'm generally straight, but women are so beautiful that I can't resist playing with them. I also like a challenge. I've had sex on a plane, in the car during a road trip, in elevators and public bathrooms, on the kitchen table and at work. I've pretty much had sex any place I've ever wanted to try." That's why Jenn's fantasy involves quantity, not locale: "I'm surrounded by several guys who take turns on me, and anal wouldn't hurt."

—Photos by TessendorfPhoto.com

BONI FOXX

Eager to saddle up as a Beaver is Boni Foxx, a "laid-back, caring and humorous" 25-year-old from Eugene, Oregon. "I love being silly and making others smile," she tells us. But not as a stand-up comic: "I was a bartender, and now I'm a legal courtesan at Dennis Hof's Sagebrush Ranch [outside Carson City, Nevada]. It's the greatest job ever! I get to meet new and interesting people and have sex with them." Here are some tidbits that admirers will find interesting, especially since meeting Ms. Foxx in the flesh is feasible: "My favorite band is Otep, my favorite book is *Choke* by Chuck Palahniuk, and two of my hobbies are cooking and painting," the 5-foot-1 sprite spells out. "But what I love more than anything is riding horses and hard cocks. So guess where I lost my virginity: in my horse barn on top of my tack box in the middle of the day. Someone could've walked in and seen us, and that made it much more thrilling." As for what's in store for her personal and professional sexmates, Boni is laden with thrills: "I love to please! Deep-throat and eating pussy are special talents of mine. I also get off being submissive with a man who takes total control. I want to be tied up, blindfolded, spanked and pleasured until I'm trembling with orgasms! In the morning I'll wake him up with a thank-you blowjob and breakfast in bed." —*Photos by John Cole*

Twitter.com/BoniFoxx

"I want to make a man my sex slave. I've never tied anyone up, but I often fantasize about it. I'd have complete domination with lots of foreplay. Then I'd order him to fuck me till I'm sore and winded. Four orgasms minimum!"

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(continued from page 35)

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• Providing indigent property owners with appointed counsel, as in criminal cases.

• Protecting small business owners who deposit large sums of cash by codifying new IRS rules limiting prosecution of "structuring" cases to those with clear evidence of illegal activity and requiring a hearing for property owners to contest the seizure.

But we can be certain that state and municipal police agencies will lobby hard to defeat this bill, just as they successfully fought to keep the Equitable Sharing Program from being amended or abolished in 2000. No county sheriff or district attorney is going to see his gravy train grind to a halt without a fight. If these agencies can stuff enough lobby money in politicians' pockets, they may succeed in defeating or watering down the FAIR Act. That's how Washington works. Only a continued hue and cry from outraged constituents—and relentless litigation by the dedicated lawyers at the Institute of Justice and other interested organizations—can counter the loud voice of the metastasizing military-police state on Capitol Hill.

Civil forfeiture larceny is not, of course, an isolated problem. It's but one more symptom of the disease inflicted upon us by the never-ending War on Terror merged with the never-ending drug jihad, both steadily eroding our cherished liberties. As the NSA violates our privacy with unconstitutional dragnet surveillance, police forces have become militarized with the weaponry and mind-set of our troops abroad, resulting in many questionable shootings of unarmed citizens.

We are told that the intentions of the authorities are good, so "just trust us." But the civil forfeiture scandals prove that this allowance cannot be made: If a God-fearing church secretary can be robbed of $28,500 from his congregation's plate, who is really safe? Our entrusted law enforcement officers have adequately demonstrated that their integrity, common sense and obligation to administer the law fairly all evaporate easily enough when the temptation of a big wad of loot crosses their vision.

Perhaps we'll soon see a new fusion of powers: A Nevada county sheriff gets a phone tip from his deer-hunting buddy at the NSA's gigantic new surveillance complex in Bluffdale, Utah. A lucky vacationer from Kansas just hit the jackpot in Vegas, and he's driving home with his cash winnings and a legal Glock 9mm, dumbly yapping to his relatives all about it over his smart phone. "He's heading east on I-80, five miles from Winnemucca. Blue Dodge minivan. Fits profile of a drug lord. We're splitting this one 50-50, right? But I want the Glock."

Without eternal vigilance and effective reform, this could happen to anyone, even you. H

"This country is going to the dogs! Hell, I remember when I was a rookie—you could shoot a nigger, and no one would raise an eyebrow!"

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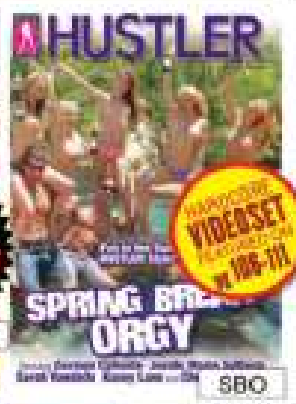

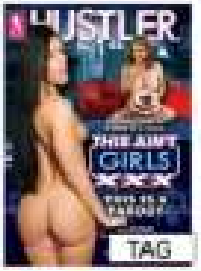

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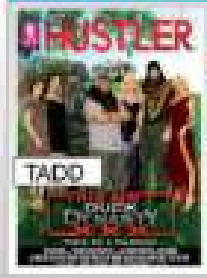

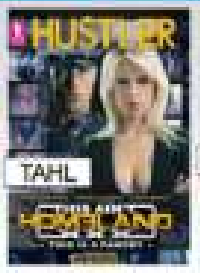

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SUNRISE & REX
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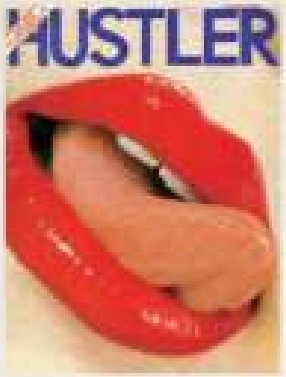
PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Hello, my pet," [redacted] sighs to her collared slave.

"Woof," Rex answers. The blond animal lover yanks on his chain, dragging Rex across the floor.

"Roll over," she smiles, grabbing his red rocket and flicking her tongue on its head. "Good boy! Are you thirsty for pussy?" [redacted] dangles her mound over Rex's face. The leash-bound homdog howls, lapping up her juice. Unable to control herself any longer, the mistress orders her obedient companion, "Bury your bone in my backyard!"

COMING SOON



41ST ANNIVERSARY BLOWOUT!

Special collector's issue! Jam-packed with Larry's special wild birthday surprises. Hint: Think pussy, parodies, politics, more pussy, puzzles... pigeons? You won't believe your eyes!

RED-HOT SCARLET

Sex, roller-skating, playing with her pup, sex, gaming, flashing nerds and more sex. Just try to keep up with a day in the life of superhot Scarlet Red. We visit our 40th Anniversary Covergirl one year later and have more fun than we've had in, well, a year.

BEST BEAVERS OF THE DECADE

We looked far and wide so you can get long and hard. HUSTLER goes on a ten-year Beaver Hunt. Enjoy the best of twat on your block and nookie from your very own neighborhood.

PHOTO BY JOHN EMSLIE

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